Romeo. Is loue a tender thing? it is to rough,
Too rude, too boiſtrous, and it pricks like thorne.
Mer. If loue be rough with you, be rough with loue
Prick loue for pricking; and you beat loue downe,
Giue me a caſe to put my viſage in,
A viſor for a viſor, what care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities:
Here are the beetle browes ſhall bluſh for me.
Ben. Come knocke and enter; and no ſooner in,
But euery man betake him to his legs,
Ro. A torch for me; let wantons light of heart
Tickle the ſenceleſſe ruſhes with their heeles:
For I am prouerb'd with a graunſire Phraſe,
Ile be a candle-holder and looke on,
The game was nere ſo faire, and I am dun.
Mer. Tut, dun's the mouſe, the Conſtables owne word
If thou art dun, weele draw thee from the mire
Or ſaue you reuerence loue, wherein thou ſtickeſt
Vp to the eares, come we burne day-light ho.
Rom. Thats not ſo.
Mer. I meane ſir in delay,
We waſte our lights in vaine, Lights Lights by day:
Take our good meaning, for our Iudgements ſits,
Fiue times in that, ere once in our fine wits.
Rom. And we meane well in going to this Maske,
But tis no wit to goe.
Mer. Why may one aske?
Rom. I dreampt a Dreame to night.
Mer. And ſo did I.
Rom. Well, what was yours?
Mer. That dreamers often lye.
Ro. In bed a ſleepe while they doe dreame things true,
Mer. O then I ſee Queene Mab hath beene with you:
Shee is the Fairis midwife, and ſhee comes in ſhape no bigger
then an Agat ſtone, on the forefinger of an Alderman, drawne
with a teeme of little atomies, ouer mens noſes as they lie a-
ſleepe: her waggon ſpokes made of long ſpinners legs: the couer
of

of the wings of graſſe-hoppers, her traces of the ſma
web, her collers of the moon-ſhines watry beames,
Crickets bone, the laſh of Philome, her waggoner,
coated Gnat, not halfe ſo bigge as a round little wo
from the lazie finger of a man. Her Chariot is an em
nut, made by the Ioyner ſquirtell or old Grub, time
the Faries Coach-makers: and in this ſtate ſhe gallo
night, through louers brains, and then they dreame
Courtiers knees, that dreame on Curſies ſtrait, o
fingers who ſtrait dreame on fees, ore Ladies lips w
kiſſes dreame, which oft the angry Mab with bliſte
becauſe their breath with ſweet meates tainted are.
ſhee gallops ore a Courtiers noſe, and then dreames
ling out a ſute: and ſomtime comes ſhee with a tith
tickling a Parſons noſe as a lies a ſleepe, then he dre
other Benefice. Sometime ſhee driueth ore a ſoul
and then dreames hee of cutting forraine throats,
ambuſcados, ſpaniſh blades: Of healths fiue fadome
then anon drums in his eare, at which hee ſtarts and
being thus frighted, ſweares a prayer or two, and ſlee
this is that very Mab that plats the manes of ho
night: and bakes the Elflocks in foule ſluttiſh hai
once vntangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the Hag, when Maids lie on their backs,
That preſſes them, and learnes them firſt to beare,
Making them women of good carriage:
This is ſhee.
Romeo. Peace, peace, *Mercutio* peace,
Thou talkſt of nothing.
Merc. True, I talke of dreames:
Which are the children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing but vaine phantaſie:
Which is as thin of ſubſtance as the ayre,
And more inconſtant then the wind, who wooes
Euen now the frozen boſome of the North:
And being angred puffes away from thence,
Turning his ſide to the dew-dropping South.